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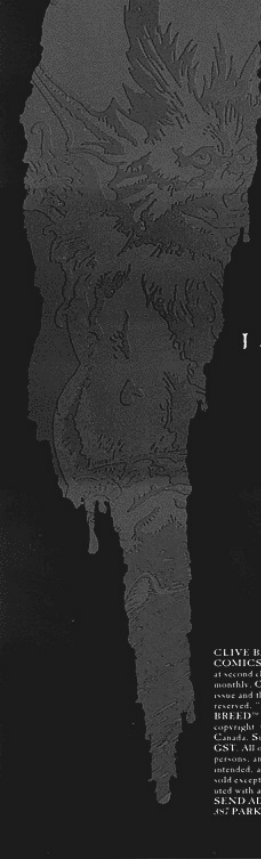

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EPIC COMICS™

CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHTBREED



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CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED

THE MAD GOD
BAPHOMET
PART TWO OF TWO

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THE NIGHTBREED. THE TRIBES OF THE MOON. THE SHAPESHIFTERS. THE HOWLING DEFORMED. THE SHEET CHILDREN OF DARK AND FORBIDDEN DESIRES. THE DREAMS OF MAGIC BANISHED TO THE WILD PLACES OF THE NIGHT.

THE NATURALS. THE PETTY HUMANS WHO, JEALOUS OF THE BREED, DROVE THEM INTO DESPERATE HIDING.

WHICH IS SHE?

SHE IS LORI. A NATURAL. TILL HER BOYFRIEND BOONE DIED AND WAS BAPTIZED LAMAL, THE BREED'S SAVIOR. BY THEIR GOD BAPHOMET.

TILL SHE GAVE UP LIFE FOR LOVE AND BECAME BREED HERSELF.

PRETTY LORI! YOU WERE LOVED AND CHERISHED. NOW YOU'RE ONLY...



...MEAT FOR THE BEAST!

HERE SHE IS,
I GOT HER -- I
GOOD SERVANT OF
OZYMANDIAS!

OZYMANDIAS, THE FIRST
SAVIOR, WHOSE SPIRIT,
WITH THOSE OF FIVE OTHER
SAVIORS, PASSED INTO
CABAL AT HIS BAPTISM.

SAVIORS WHO
FAILED THE
BREED.

SAVIORS WHO CHATTERED IN
CABAL'S MIND, TILL HIS BODY
WAS FUSED WITH THAT OF THE
GOD RAPHAEL, TO DEFEAT
HELL-SPAWNED GENOBITES.*

* IN JIHAD. IF YOU
DON'T SEE IT, ASK
FOR IT! -- MARC.

IT WAS A UNION THAT
WEAKENED THE GOD AND
ALLOWED OZYMANDIAS
TO USURP CONTROL OF
THE NEW BODY.

HIS FIRST
COMMAND TO
THE TRIBES:
"BRING ME LOR!"

GET THE
HELL OFF
ME!



NEARBY. AN HOUR LATER,
KUSHNIR DAY, HIGH PRIEST,
EXPLAINS TO HIS GOD WHY
LORI HAS NOT BEEN BROUGHT
TO HIM.



GREAT
OZYMANDIAS,
THEY'RE LOSING
THEIR HOMES TO
THE FIRE. THEY
HAVEN'T GOT TIME
TO LOOK FOR LORI.

BRING ME
MEAT!



PERHAPS YOU
MIGHT AMUSE
YOURSELF WITH
SHUNA BASHOR
PERHAPS EAT OF
THE SUCCULENT
FLESH OF
GUIDO.

WE DON'T
EACH
EATERS
FOOL!



THAT'S WHY NATURALS WERE MADE...
FOR OUR SUSTENANCE.

GO! FIND ME A
SUPPLY OF NATURAL
MEAT AND MAKE
SURE IT'S FRESH!



FOR A MOMENT,
THE DESPOT
RESTS TO DREAM...

...AND SO TURNS
HIS MIND'S EYE
ON THAT DARK
REALM WITHIN
HIM...





...THE REALM OF HIS MIND
WHERE THE SPIRITS OF CABAL
AND THE OTHER SAVIORS
HAVE BEEN BANISHED.

OH, I DO
LIKE HIS
FACE.

HE IS
BADLY HURT--
WE SHOULD
WAKE HIM.

WHAT?... OH
YEAH, I
REMEMBER.
WHERE'S BAPHOMET?

THE SPIRIT OF OUR GOD IS
MOST FOULLY IMPRISONED,
YONDER IN THE PALACE OF
THE USURPER,
OZYMANDIAS.

WHAT THE
OLD FART MEANS
IS: BAPHOMET'S
SPIRIT IS
TRAPPED OVER
THERE.

THINKS HE
WANTS TO JOIN
TOUGH BAPHO-
MET'S SPIRIT,
DOESN'T HE?

SO THEY CAN
CONTROL THE
BODY'S SHAPE
AGAIN? PERHAPS
SPLIT IT?

HE'LL HAVE TO
BEAT OZYMANDIAS
AND HIS GUARDS
FIRST. THIS IS
OZYMANDIAS'S PLAY-
GROUND NOW. ISN'T
IT? HE MAKES THE RULES.



YOU'RE WHAT WE WAITED FOR. YOU, SAVIOR OF THE SAVIORS. HAH! COULDN'T EVEN SAVE YOURSELF, COULD YOU?



I CAN ONLY
REMEMBER BITS
OF THE DREAM,
KINSKI.

THE LAST FEW HOURS
CAN'T HAVE HELPED YOUR
CONCENTRATION. JUST
TRY FOR US, LORI.

KINSKI, WE SHOULD
BE DOING SOMETHING
-- NOT SCRABBLING
FOR THE ANSWER IN
DREAMS.

PELOQUIN,
WE'RE PAYING
THE HAND WE'VE
GOT.

GO AHEAD,
LORI, TELL US
WHAT YOU
CAN.

OZYMANDIAS AND BAPHOMET
BUILT THE FIRST BREED CITY
ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE,
6,000 YEARS AGO. BUT
BAPHOMET SUDDENLY LEFT.

A COUPLE OF YEARS
LATER OZYMANDIAS
FATHERED A CHILD
AND SO SEPSIS
BECAME GRAND-
MOTHER TO HER
OWN DAUGHTER.

FATHER?
WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

IT'S A SURPRISE, JOACIM--
A PLACE WHERE THEY MAKE
TREATS FOR LITTLE
PRINCESSES. ONE
OF THE PRIESTS
WILL SHOW US
AROUND.





"...THE INTESTINES ARE WASHED AND USED AS THE SKINS OF SAUSAGES. THEY ALSO USE THE BLOOD WE SAW EARLIER ...



"...AND HERE THEY CUT THE MEAT INTO JOINTS FOR THE KITCHEN."



HELLO, JOACIM. IT'S TIME TO GET READY FOR BED.

MOTHER.

I'LL TAKE HER BACK.



CAN I FEED THEM, FATHER?

NO. SOME HAVE NASTY BITES.

NOW, HURRY ALONG. YOU MUST GET ENOUGH SLEEP FOR THE CEREMONY TOMORROW.

FATHER--UM--ARE YOU SURE THE CEREMONY IS WISE?



"WISE?" I GAVE UP BEING WISE WHEN I DECIDED TO BECOME A GOD. I WON'T NEED "WISE." I'LL BE OMNIPOTENT.



THE CITY WAS RIFE WITH DISEASE
AND CORRUPTION. THE CITIZENS
WERE RESTLESS AND TURNING
FROM THE GREAT TEMPLE TOWARD
CULTS WORSHIPPING BAPHOMET.

SO OZYMANDIAS HAD DECIDED
TO GIVE THEM A LIVING GOD TO
WORSHIP! TO CONCENTRATE
THEIR MINDS ON THE GOOD
TIMES AHEAD.

AND KEEP THEIR MINDS
FROM THE FACT: ONLY
THOSE FROM HIS TRIBE
SHARED IN THE CITY'S
RICHES.

MY FRIENDS, I HAVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU. TO CELEBRATE MY PURIFICATION -- THE DEATH OF HERETICS WHO INSIST ON WORSHIPPING BAPHOMET.



BLASPHEMER! THE GREAT GOD BAPHOMET WILL PUNISH YOU!



I'VE PROMISED THIS FATHER AND SON THEIR FAMILIES WILL BE SPARED IF ONE WILL KILL THE OTHER.



DEATH TO THE TYRANT!

OH, YOU IDIOTS, GUARDS!



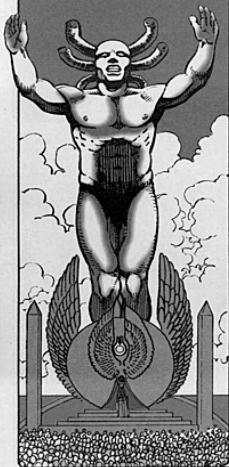
OF COURSE -- WITH BOTH?

TONIGHT COULD WE -- ?

AARGHH!



THE NEXT DAY THE POPU-
LACE GATHERED FOR THE
CEREMONY TO DEIFY
OZYMANDIAS. ON PAIN OF
DEATH IF THEY DIDN'T.



SAPHOMET
THE FALSE
GOD, HAS
DESERVED
US.



NOW THE
BREED HAVE A
LOVING GOD TO GUIDE
THEM-- THE GOD...



...OZYMANDIAS.



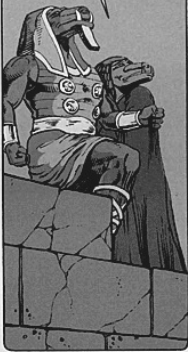
OZYMANDIAS!



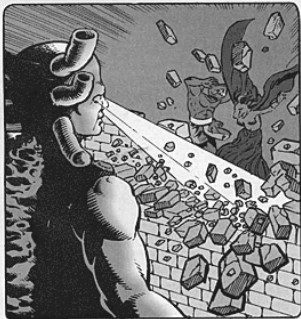
BAPHOMET HAD RETURNED.



WHY DOESN'T HE
DO SOMETHING? HE
HASN'T MOVED FOR A
QUARTER-HOUR.
OZYMANDIAS, I'M
SCARED!



TOO LATE,
BAPHOMET! I'M
YOUR EQUAL NOW!
I, TOO, AM A
GOD!



OZYMANDIAS,
SAVE ME!



SEE THE DESTROYER
BAPHOMET. HE DOES NOT
LOVE YOU. HE DOES NOT
GUIDE YOU.



ONLY I LOVE YOU. ONLY I
SHALL GUIDE YOU.



KAKOOM!

SO WAS BORN THE INSTRUMENT
OF BAPHOMET'S WILL--SEKHMET.

SHE SPARED ONLY
THE NATURALS...

... AND THOSE
HOMES WITH
SHRINES TO
BAPHOMET.



SHE CAME TO
HIM LIKE A
CHILD CALLED
IN FROM PLAY.

THEY CALLED IT THE
GREAT LOSS. OVER
HALF THE BREED DIED.





NEVER AGAIN
WILL ANGER GUIDE
ME TO DESTROY THEM.
THIS IS MY COVENANT
WITH THE TRIBES OF
THE MOON.

IN YOUR QUILLS,
AND THAT OF YOUR
DAUGHTERS, SHALL
BE POISON TO KILL
YOUR GOD.

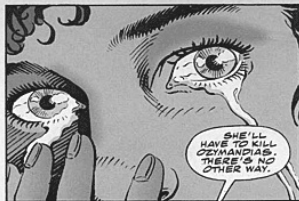
THAT'S IT.
THAT'S WHAT CABAL
MEANT. SHUNA SASSI
CAN KILL BAPHOMET,
DESTROY
OZYMANDIAS...



...AND KILL
CABAL AT
THE SAME
TIME.



WE'VE GOT...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND
SHUNA SASSI!



SHE'LL
HAVE TO KILL
OZYMANDIAS.
THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY.



THEY RUN, NOT JUST BECAUSE
THEY MUST HURRY, BUT WALKING
WOULD LEAVE TIME TO
REMEMBER...

...THE FRIEND AND
LOVER THEY PLAN
TO MURDER.



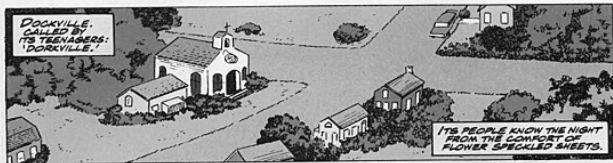
REALITY.



YOUR PRIEST SERVES YOU WELL. WE SHALL START THE WAR ON THE NATURALS HERE AND NOW. MY FRIENDS, THERE WILL BE MEAT FOR ALL TONIGHT!









'COURSE NOT. HIS LORDSHIP HAD IT ALL, DIDN'T HE. BUT I DID SWELL IT, MADE MY MOUTH WATER SOMETHING WICKED.

AFTER THEY DESTROYED OUR REFUGE BACK AT MIDIAN, DOESN'T MUCH MATTER TO ME. I JUST WANT TO MAKE SOME-ONE PAY.

SO DO IT, SHUNA SAGGI! JUST DO IT!

YOU'RE AWFULLY CERTAIN I CAN. ME, I'VE NEVER KILLED A GOD BEFORE NOW.







THROUGH
HERE, I
CAN SEE
BAPHOMET!



GOOD THING
DEYMANDIAS
IS CONCENTRATING
ON SOME-
THING ELSE.



GUARDS!



OOOPS!
WRONG!



OH, SHIT!





SHUNA BASHI, CABAL
DREAMS OF YOU -- WHY
WOULD YOU RISK
KILLING HIM?



I DON'T
KNOW I CAN KILL
YOU -- LORI SAW MY
POWER IN HER
DREAMS. I REGARD
THIS AS AN
EXPERIMENT.

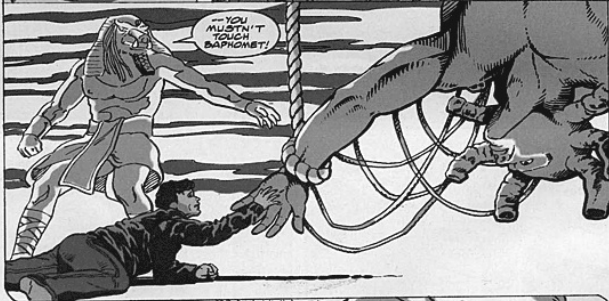


SOMEONE
KILL THESE--

NO, CABAL!
YOU CAN'T DO
THAT--



--YOU
MUSTN'T
TOUCH
BAPHOMET!





KRAKOOOM!



SPIRITS TOUCH
AND THEIR FLESH
SEPARATES.



LATER, AFTER THE TRIBES
HAVE RETURNED TO HIDING,
CARRYING THE PIECES OF
BARONNET TO AWAIT THEIR
PROPER JOINING.

WHAT
WE HAVE TO
GO THROUGH
TO BE
TOGETHER!

IT'S
WORTH
IT.

AND BEHIND HER SMILE,
LORI, WONDERS WHY HE
DREAMED OF SAUNA BASS.

THERE WAS A MIRACLE
HERE LAST NIGHT--
RIGHT BEAT NIGHT! BUT
THE COST WAS TOO HIGH.

FOR THE BOY'S
DEATH SOME
PAPERS BLAMED
ALIENS, OTHERS
DRUGS, AND
OTHERS ORGAN-
IZED CRIME.

IN TRUTH, A BOY DIED
BECAUSE SOME
WERE TOO READY TO
GIVE THE REINS FOR
BEAST WITHIN THEM
TO A TYRANT.

A BEAST THAT
BURNS IN BOTH
NATURAL AND
BREED ALIKE.

NEXT TO THE SEARCH FOR
NEW MEDIAN!



**"Run. Run. Pant your last
breath in fear. . ."**